

**St. Ignatious**  
(to self-righteous heroes, a warning)

I use to be a god you know,  
Bravely withstood every blow.  
Indignant as the morning sun  
Enemies many, prisoner's none.  
I held the power in my hand  
To turn King's castles into sand  
I was so wise in those days  
Solomon had to leave and clear the way.  
But like always when heroes rise,  
I was only so in one man's eyes.  
And to my position I was not appointed  
Did so myself, and so, disappointed.  
How harsh a drop Lucifer had to fall  
I counted myself, a million miles in all.  
Fell to earth with a crash.  
Felt my crown turn from gold to ash.  
I must confess to you I lied  
I was not a god in flesh disguised.  
Sins against flesh are easily mended.  
But those against conscience cannot long be ended.

Bruce Werner  
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